OVER THE SEA.

[The Argosy.] I am looking back through the days and Weeks
That he in the studowy land of yere, and a waking spirit stirs and speaks.
The spirit of dead years good before.

Speaks with a nurmur of mouraful sight, in a voice that carries the sound of tears, And, lighting the lamp of its passionate

It opens the shroud of the buried years. The wind is blowing up from the wold, The stars are shining down on the sea, But the wind is bleak, and the light is cold,

And 'tis only of pain they speak to me. For the wind ence toyed with a silken tre

face; And how can a faithful love grow less!

The sea is swirling up to my feet, Singing its menody, soft and low; But the song of the son is deadly sweet, For I mind how it slow me years ago. We have been parted. Land she,

nd now she was coming across the set (Oh, the sky was blue and the waves

Coming—and yet she never came!
Meeting—and yet we mit no more!
She heard me not when I called her name,
Though the dead might have heard me on Oh, love, though my eyes but dimly see,

There is hope in my pathway where tread. That over the sea thou wilt sail to me,
In the day when the sea gives up her dead.

IN A DRUG STORE.

THE CARE REQUIRED TO AVOID FA-TAL MISTAKES.

The Best Way to Avoid Making Mistaker -The Worst Possible Habit for a Druggiet to Acquire-Should

Never Gossip. [New York Tribune.]

Behind a neat prescription counter the truggist sat smoking a cigar and talking with a friend on a moist evening when busiaces in the drug store was less brisk than asual. Complex yet faint odors from the numbreds of carefully labeled jars and bottles on the shelves mingled with the ragrance of tocacco smoke, and seemed to impart a my-terious charm to the conversation. " have made it a point for thirty years," said the druggist, "to pay strict attention to a prescription while I am compounding it, and then to drep it out of my mind entirely. That is the best way to avoid making mis

A girl with a shawl over her head came in and presented a bottle and a piece of paper ich her mother had written: "Please send 5 cents with crinks for sore throte. The druggist quietly poured some arnica into the bottle, pasted on a label, took the proffered nickel and sat down to resume his

"As I was saving, I always forget a pr scription as soon as I have filled it. Of course it is numbered and preserved for tuture reference, but if one of my regular customers should ask me to put up 'some more medicine same as last, you know,' I would have to send him home for the bottle which had the number of the prescription on it. If I attempted to remember all the medicines I mix, I would soon be insune. A fruggist ought to feel that when he fills a physician's order he bolds the life of some person in his hand. To mistake one drug for another at such a time may cost a life. Such mistakes result from carelescoes as a rule, not from ignorance, as most people think." "Dad wants a poor house blister," said a

boy who had entered the store unobserved.
"What does he want it for?" "To put on ma's side where he-where it

"Do you mean a porous plaster?"

"Oh! yessir."
"In nine cases out of ten, I believe," the druggist said, when he had opportunity to take up the thread of his discourse again, careles ness and not ignorance is the cause of druggists' mistakes. A druggist who knows that he is not producent in the business will look carefully at every jar or bottle, which he uses in compounding an order. An experienced druggist, unless he is a careful man, will sometimes mistake one drug for snother which has a similar appearance, be cause he neglects to look at the label. Such errors happen more easily when a man per mits his counter to become littered with drugs not wanted for immediate use it is safer to clear the counter after tach order is filled. The worst possible babit for a druggist, however, is to rem ber prescriptions already compounded, man attempts the feat of thinking about an old pre-cription while he is work ing on a new one, he is in a fair way of com "Good evening, doctor,"

A man with a long, thin nose, who had en-tered softly, wasted until the druggist had walked from the prescription counter to the front before he inquired in a low tone; "Is there any sickness in Mr. Pillbox's family! I see his boy came in here a while

"If you wish to know about Mr. Pillbox's family you had better go and ask him. I do not make a practice of retailing gossip about my customers." Ah! Good evening."

"There is another reason why a druggist should forget his work when it is finished," said the compounder after the inquisitive man had departed. "Such a practice mables a man to keep the confidence of customers without trouble. Nothing is more fatal to the business of a druggist than a well-founded belief among his neighbors that he will gossip about persons who buy drags from him. It is surprising how many persons make attempts to get information from druggists about their neighbors. I have given blunt answers in such cases, and, curiously enough, many of the persons who have appeared to be most offended at my refusals to give information have become regular customers of mins. In such cases the golden rule can be followed with profit

as well as with pleasure." Why the Dog Wouldn't Eat.

[Chambers' Journal.]
It is related by Professor Bost that when a triend of his was traveling abroad be one morning took out his purse to see if it con tained sufficient change for a day's jaunt he proposed making. He departed from his odgings, leaving a trusted dog behind. When he dired he took out his purse to pay, and found he had lost a gold coin On returning home in the evening his servant informed him that the dog seemed to be very il', as they could not induce it to eat anything. He went at once to his favorite, and as soon as he entered the room the faith ful creature ran to him, deposited the gold coin at his feet, and then devoured the food piaced for it with great engerness. The truth was that the gentleman had dropped the coin in the morning; the dog had picked it up and kept it in its mouth, fearing even to eat lest it should less its master's property before an opportunity offered to restore it.

He was a dude. He was fairly captured. See had remed him to that point of adoration that he absolutely knelt on the carpet, shirvious of his dress. The parting was all ent of his bair from impetatus rabbing of it. He was funny, very, very funny to her, as in excited, but mincing, tones he swore he

"Those violet eyes-they are so bewitching-and there I see a tear-is it a tear! Dearest, let me wipe the dewdrop from the

"Dude-drop," she murmured, and be dropped.

Wonderful Model of the Brooklyn Bridge Savannah News. Alf Prater of Gainesville is not only a pedestrian moonshiner shout, but he is a

genius as well. He has spent three months building a model of Brooklyn bridge, which is a wonder almost as great as the Strasburg The bridge is four feet wide, thirty feet long, and weighs 750 pounds. Three hundred and difty fleures are kept moving on it representing men, women, drays, car-riages, cars, etc., and under the bridge are boats in real water, making a scene wonder-

THE "TRENT" AFFAIR

One of the Incidents Connected with the

Late Unpleasantness. [S. S. Cox's "Three Decades."] Being upon the foreign affaire committee the house of representatives when the cent affair occurred, the writer attended a linner given by the secretary at his then happy home. This was at a time when men held t eir breaths in trepidation, lest Great Britain and the powers of Europe might make the Trent matter the pretext to consummate their recognition southern independence. Some feared that a disparted republic would have to give way before the kalous encroachments of those who sought to divide our country as they endeavored to imperial Mexico. On the right of Mr. Seward was seated burly English heartiness incarnated in Mr. Anthony Trollope, the novelist. His presence was al most a surprise, if not a satire on the occa-sion, as it concluded. At the other end of the table sat John J. Crittenden. He was then chairman of foreign affairs in the house. The author was on his right, as he was nearer by sympathy to him than others on the committee. The dinner progressed. One incidential to another, until Mr. Seward, with a brusqueness entirely prepen upon his part but surprising to us, drew the

ittention of all by saying:
"Gentlemen, there is only one man in this country to whom I allowed unrestricted amunication with Jefferson Davis since the war. I never asked him what he wrote to Mr. Davis. I trusted his honor and lov-He is here. I drink the health of Mr.

Mr. Crittenden throwing back his shoul-ders, as was his custom when pleased or ex-

cited, said: "Mr. Secretary, I never told you what I wrote to Jeff Davis, I will tell you now, sir. I have two sons in the war—one is a Union and the other a Confederate general. They are both, or course, dear to my heart. I wrote Mr. Davis: 'For God's sake, sir, since you have the gallantry of one of my boys on your side, don't send him to or against old Kentucky."

This little by-play sent out a gleam of pleasure that sparkled around the board. It was intended by Mr. Seward to placate Mr. Crittenden for what was to follow, and it Then Mr. Seward, with his exquisite diplomatic savoirfaire, said, looking around the board:

"I think I must now trust my guests, as I trusted Mr. Crittenden. I will divulge to you a secret. To-day the order was issued

release Mason and Slidell." A dead pause ensued! All awaited the response of the venerable and patriotic chairman of foreign affairs. He was known not to be partial to England. He was not entirely cordial with the Confederate embassadors. With a purzled look of anger and chagric, the great Kentuckian hesitated for a moment. He seemed held back by the band of courtesy. He then brought down his dainty ginss of sherry with a sudden crash upon the table. The little fragments flew about his plate. The golden contents believeled the writer's investments. Then ng another moment, half ironically and half jocosely, he exclaimed.

"A good riddance, sir! You sent them away none too soon, sir! They were doing much mischief here;" and regardless of the occasion, a little murky cloud of profanity dimme i the atmosphere about the table. Never, since the days of Uncle Toby, was emphasis more excusable.

Aspestos in stechanics

Scientific American. The incompassible and heat-enduring quality of the mineral asbestes has always meamended it for certain purposes; but it is not until within a comparatively recent period that it has come into extensive use in the mechanic arts. For sheatning steam pipes and for steam-secking, preparations of sebestos are undentably valuable, but re-cently it has been applied to the packing of cocks-plug cocks-for steam, hot water, and acids, with excellent results.

The asbestos, being in the form of disin-

wtod phore h sary for keeping in place as a packing, and therefore a small proportion of rubber is used as a rement.

A New Peature.

(Portland (Me.) Argus.] To break up the humdrum of every day pening exercises in the house a new feature has been introduced. It is this: Before the chaplain officiates the officers sing a plea and This morning they treated the members to the good old anthem, "Bring Forth the Royal Diadem." Let us next hope for a revival.

Two of a Thirsty Kind.

[Harper's Bazar.] It was in the queer, old-fashioned tavern in Pompton, N. J. A New Yorker, waiting there for a train, saw a miller all covered with flour rush in, throw down a nickel and tose i off a glas of beer. It was done like a flash, without a word having been spoken, Before the New Yorker recovered from his astoni-hment the same thing was repeatedthe miller rushed in, threw down his nickel, ossed off his glass of beer again and was

"Does that man drink every two minutes?"

the New Yorker inquired,
"What-monf" said the tavernkeeper, "That miller who keeps running in here."
"Oh," said the tayernkeeper, "them's

At the Sign of the Big Oyster.

Bloomington Through Mail.1 A pretty good story is going the rounds by word of mouth. It is said that a trio of members of the Illinois legislature went on a jamboree the other day, and, having decorated the town with pigment of a decidedly sanguinary bue, concluded late in the evening they would have some oysters. There is no oyster-house on the south side of Old Capitol square, but the lawgivers were not aware of this. They were not fully posted, and seeing a sign, as they supposed, of an oyster-house, they went up-stairs and sat down to a round table in a beautifully furnished room. A gentleman very neatly

dressed came in and inquired:
"Gentlemen, what can I do for you?" "Oysters for three, please," one of the trimvirate replied. "The take a dozen raw. Gimme a half-dozen fried counts," said

one of the others. "I'll take a dry stew, please," chimed in the The proprieter looked dazed and worried, and began: But, gentlemen-

"O, we've got the dust. Needn't fret about that!" exclaimed the man who was standing treat. "We will pay in advance, if you so desire," and he laid a handful of

"But, gentlemen-"Come, come?" cried the man, impatiently. We are in a hurry." "But, gentlemen, this is no oyster-house.

"No oyster-house!" exclaimed the trio. "Then you better take in your sign of a big oyster at the foot of the stairs." "Sign of a big oyster! Why, gentlemen,

you are mistaken. This is the office of an aurist, if you want your ears doctored, I am your service. That sign is an ear—not an syster!" Then three members of the legislature looked sick and went out. the Thames Embankment on Fire.

Handen Cor. Chicago Tribune.] The man who set the Thames on fire is, by English proverb, considered the deverest fellow of his time; but of into days some succeeded in this supposed impossible task has at all events set the Thumes bank in a smolder which it has necessitated the summoning of the engineer corps to entinguish. For some years the accumulated rubbish from the arsenal—truck-loads of arbes, slag, cotton-waste, and such like—has been

lumpet down at the river's edge to make an embankment against the encroaching tide, By some means the inflammable matter in his beterogeneous pile caught fire and has been burning in a quiet, subterranean way for the last month; and, all ordinary means having failed to extinguish it, the royal en gineers have solved the difficulty in true Gordian-knot style by cutting the embank ers have solved the difficulty in true nent in two by a broad trench, thus pre venting the progress of the smolder, which was approaching dangerously near the powder magazines.

NOT ON THE FOURTH.

The Declaration of Independence Signed on the Fourth of July.

Few Americans ever entertain a doubt about the date of the signing of the Declara-tion of Judependence being July 4, 1776; yet through the efforts and scholarship of Judge Millen Chamberlain, chief librarian of the Bosten public library, it has conclusively proved that it was not signed on that day. The true history of this memorable document Mr. Chamberlain has found to be that on the 2nd of July 1776, the Continental congress at Phila delphia passed the resolution declaring that the United Colonies were and of right ought to be free and independent states; and in a letter to his wife dated July 3, 1776, John Adams said: "This day will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty."

On July 4 the declaration was read and

agreed to but was not signed. According to direction of congress, it was ordered to be authenticated and printed during the same day copies were sent throughout the colonie On July 19 it was resolved that the declara On July 19 it was resolved that the declara-tion passed on the 4th be fairly engrossed on parchment and signed by every member. On August 2 the declaration was signed by nearly all the members. The Hon. Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire, did not affix his name till Nov. 4 of the same year, nor did the Hon. Thomas McKean until some

time in 1781. Moreover, the New York members who, according to The Printed Journal, signed on the Fourth of July, were not authorized to do so until the 9th, and the authorization was not laid before congress until the 15th. Chase, of Maryland, and Carroll, of Carrollton, were not present on the Fourth of July and Rush, Clymer, Taylor and Ross, of Pennsylvania, whose names appear in The Journal, were not chosen as delegates until July 20. Notwithstanding the great paper was not signed on the Fourth of July, that day still deserves to be commemorated above any of the others, for it was then that the sentiments and determination of the Ameri can people were proclaimed to the world.

English Government in Cobbett's Time ["Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

So shamelessly corrupt was the govern ment in Cobbett's time that seats in Parliament and government situations were actually advertise! for sale in the public prints and privately sold to the highest bid-Cobbett counted fifty-seven such advertisements in the morning pa-Members of parliament sold votes — for prices ranging from 200 to 1,000 pounds sterling-almost without disguise. The public purse was plundered by all manner of jobbers; hosts of pensioners, placemen, sinecurists and parasites of every description fed and fattened at the public expense. The court was so shame fully profligate that the festive entertain-ments of the princes and their mistresses were regularly chronicled in the ministerial or court paper; and the daily press, that power which has been called the fourth estate, the guardian of freedom and the scourge of villainy, was never more thor-

ighly corrupt and venal than at this time. The ministry bought up scores of news-papers, in which they published anything and everything they desired; they hired troops of writers, who wrote at their dictation essays, pamphlets, reviews and leading articles, all aimed against liberal ideas, which were scattered broadcast over the country and delivered free of expense. When the opinion of the nation was against them, they made up their minds to change that opinion by book or by crook. This was done during the whole sixty years of the retrograde and disastrous reign of George III., and in Cobbett's time it was as bad as it had been at any time during this miser-

"M. QUAD" ON NOVEL READING.

Inlk with a Boy on Current Juvenile Literature-Books Worth Reading. Detroit Free Press.

"Does it hurt a boy to read novels?" Take a clean sponge and dip it into a unning gutter, and what is the result? The sponge can be cleaned and purified gain, but only after much labor.

The human mind, my lad, is a spe and it soaks up the good, bad and in-

different with the same relish. The great trouble with novels is the false ideas and vicious theories. It is the same with all serial stories in the socalled boys' papers, and it is so to a certain extent in many of the boy books. In the first place the boy, no matter what his age, is always made to perform feats of valor which common sense teaches you is impossible. He acts nor talks like a boy. His advent-ures as a hunter, detective or runaway

are too improbable. Nevertheless, as you read you find yourself half believing, at least, and the next thing is to wonder why you can't be a hero. The story makes you dissatisfied with school and home and family government, and the hought is to run away or plan some dventure. Even if you say to yourself hat you won't believe a word of the story, the mind will still soak up many of the false theories and absurd ideas and later on in years it may cost you

omething to get rid of then Let me ask you how much better off ou would be to sit down in a grocery or three hours each evening and lister to some man telling lies knowing all the ime they were lies? Would that improve your mind? Many of the novels are no more improving than such gro-

cery tales. Now let me ask you what makes an intelligent, well-posted man! School education, to begin with. If we learned nothing after we left school, the world would slip backwards. His mind goes on day after day, week after week, picking up scraps of history, politics, travel, botany, astronomy, and so forth, and by and by he is a human encyclopedia. He may read love stories and adventures all his days and be no better off. Indeed, he will be far worse off.

"Well, what shall a boy read?" There are one or two boy papers of good moral tone. The heroes are not exaggerated, and the adventures are not improbable. If the story is of mining, the author gives some valuable information in regard to minerals and how to mine. If it is of hunting, you are taught how to make snares and traps, and are given the principles of taxi-dermy. If it is of boating, you are taught the principles of sailing and row-If it is of the sea, you are given the correct names of ropes and yards and sails, and the habits and traits of the people of other countries are cor-

rectly stated. There are a few boy books which are true to every-day life. Read these, and f you have further time take history, or something else which is certain to return some benefit—a daily paper with its news from every foreign counry-its home happenings its discusions of all matters of interest-its inidents and accidents, is geography, history, grammar and orthography comA TRUE STORY

[Abbe Kinne in Baldwin's Monthly 1 Where is the baby, graudmamma?

The sweet young mother calls

From her work in the cosy kitchen,
With its dairty whitewashed walls,
And grandma leaves her knitting,
And looks for her all around;
But not a trace of baby dear
Can anywhere he found Can anywhere be found.

No sound of its merry prattle, No sound on us merry prattie.
No gleam of its sump hair,
No patter of tiny footsteps,
No sign of it anywhere.
All through house and garden,
F r out into the field, be) search each nook and corner, But nothing is revealed.

And the mother's face grew pullid; Grandmamma's eyes grew dim; The father's gone to the village; No use to look for him. And the baby lost: "Where's Rover!" The mother chanced to think Of the old well in the orchard Where the cattle used to drink.

"Where's Rever!" I know he'd find her! Rover!" in vain they call, Then hurry away to the orchard; And there by the mess grown we Close to the well, lies Rover, he to the wal, he flover, fielding to baby's dress; the was leaning over the well's edge in perfect fearlessness!

But Rover held her fast
And never seemed to mind the kicks
The tiny barefeet cast So spitefully upon him, But wagged his tail instead, To greet the frightened searchers, While naughty baby said:

She stretched her little arms down,

"Dere's a 'ittle dirl in the 'ater; She's dust as big as me,
Mamma; I want to help her out,
And take her home to tea.
But Rover, he won't let me,
And I don't love him. Go
Away, you naughty Rover!
Oh! why are you crying so!"

The mother kissed her, saying: "My darling, understand, Good Rover saved your life, my dear— And, see, he licks your hand! Kiss Rover." Buby struck him.

But grandma understood; the said; "It's hard to thank the friend TRANSFUSING BLOOD.

SOME CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS IN THIS DIRECTION.

Animals Brought to Life Which Have Beer Dead for Hours-Resuscitation Complete and the Subjects Continue in Good Health.

James L. Finch in Denver News.] The subject operated upon was a mediu sized terrier dog. It was securely tied, and an incision made in an artery in his neck by which the animal was bled to death. He certainly passed through all the symptom of dying, and soon after the last blood is sued from the wound his frame became fixed and rigid, and his eyes showed the sen glare of death. The room was kept at a temperature of 70 degrees Fahrenheit, while the dog lay for three hours dead. By this time he had become very stiff and cold. He was now placed in a warm water bath that was constantly maintained at a temperatur. of 105 degrees, and was continually and thoroughly cubbed, and as he became pliant his limbs were gently worked about and his whole body rendered supple. A half pint of hot water was now passed into his stomach through a hard rubber tube that was forced down his cesophagus. When this was accomplished, the mouth of a rubber tabe, attached to a bellows, was introduced into his windpipe, and as the bellow, were provided with a double valve, by which the air could be withdrawn as well as the doe's nose was securely fastened un. A large and powerful Newfoundland dog that had been obtained for the purpose had

been tied near by, and was now bled, while

the attending surgeon proceeded to adjust

the transfusing apparatus, and began to slowly inject the live dog's blood into the dead one. Simultaneously Mr. Armitage began slowly working the respiratory be lows, while I kept rubbing the animal and tending his limbs and body to facilitate cir-culation. We could not have been more nxious about the issue of our efforts if the had been made on a human being instead of a dumb brute. When a pint of fresh blood had been injected, I could see some change about the eyes of the dog. But no one spoke. One thought was common to all uld life come back! In a few me more there was certainly a convulsive tremore noticeable in the body. Mr. Armitage in undisquited excitement said to the sur-geon, "Press the blood." In a minute or two the dog gasps, and soon attempts to eje "the respiratory tube, which was accordingly withdrawn. This was followed by gasps and a catching of the breath, while the eyes grow brighter and more natural. The rubb blood injecting were yet applied, and the dog was struggling as if in a fit. But his efforts soon became less violent, and he begins a low whine. A compress was now placed on the artery, and was injected, he sits up, after having been dead three hours and twenty minutes. The dog then drank a broth that had been prepared for him in case of his revival, soon got up, and walked about. He was furnished a comfortable bed near the stove, and from this time forward his recovery was s rapid that in two days he was turned out to run the streets. He is now a rugged charac

ter in good health, with seemingly no bad remembrance of his resurrection The second case was tested on the second day of December. The subject selected was a calf six weeks old. The details of treatent were similar to the foregoing, excep for greater convenience a bot vapor bath was substituted for the warm water i sion. The calf, after being bled to death, was left for twelve hours before its rest ciation was undertaken, as it was desirable to see if a longer death interval could be successfully passed over. The fresh blood injected into its circulatory system was drawn from a yearing steer. It required thirty-five minutes to restore the calf to life after the transfusion of the first blood. The calf then drank some warm milk, and bas since grown and thriven without percepti

ble interruption or ailment.

The next experiment was of a different character, and was made with a view to se if a drowned animal could be restored to life A small dog was forced under water and drowned. He was then taken out and laid with his head inclined downward to drain his lungs of water, and left for four hours in a warm room. It will be noticed that this was quite a different and more hopeless case than the preceding, as the dog bad all his own blood yet in his veins. After an hour in the warm bath, and constant rubbing and working, his veins were opened at three different points to admit of the e cape of any blood that might issue from the and the injecting apparatus was vigorously applied to the arterial system. After fift minutes of anxious labor, signs of revividi-cation were observable. The poor teast whined piteously as life was being enthroned within him. Notwithstanding great care was taken of him, he remained weak for several days, but seems now to

in good condition. A fourth case was recently tried, in which the subject was a dog, that was strangled and afterward frozen-as he could not be frozen without strangling—was unsuccessful.

After four hours of labor, no signs of returning life were noticeable. It is believed, how ever, that this experiment may yet succeed, and the life of a frozen animal restored.

It is proper to add that, in the first cases, after the blood ceased to flow from the wound, measures were taken to prevent air entering the circulatory system as the animal cooled, and in all the cases the re-piratory apparatus was nicely adjusted to the capacity of the animal. If the lungs in any case had been ruptured or overstrained bemorrhage would have subsequently en

BISMARCK'S HOME.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MECCA OF GER-MAN STATESMEN.

The Chancellor's House at Friedrichsruhe a Very Plain Structure-Objects of Luxury in the Interior-Historical Curiosities.

[London World.]

There is scarcely anything remarkable in the chancellor's house at Friedrichsruhe except its absolute plainness. Jewish plutoc-racy may gloat in displaying gorgeous tapestry and rare bric-a-brac, but Bismarck, after all, is only a poor man. His state ap pointment is not worth even 3,000 pounds sterling; Schonbausen is valueless; Varzin does not yield much, and the estate at Friedricharube, although estimated at 150,000 pounds sterling, brings at the most 5,000 pounds sterling. It is true that this is no renson why his walls should be white washed, why his furniture is of the simplest descrip tion, why his art treasures consist of com paratively worthless photographs and paintings of his daughter and his sons, of Moltke, of Cardinal Hohenlohe, of Thiers, of Beacons field, of Friedrichsruhe itself. Yet there are

Yet there are several objects of luxury and ease, and others of decidedly historic importance. There is the rich carpet, ex-tending through hall and rooms; the number of chimneys, where, the whole winter through fires burn perpetually, and an abundance of couches, sometimes two or three in one room. On the chimney-pie are the bronze bust of Moltke, crowned w a huge laurel wreath, a plaster cast of Char lemagne, and a small copy of Schluter's Great Elector. The dining-room is adorned with the bronze statue of the emperor, given by him to Bismarck in 1881. But particular mention is due to the bronze imitation of the Niederwald monument, which stands on a fine oak cupboard in the smoking-room. A leaflet is attached to it with the following words, written by the emperor himself:
"Christmas, 1883; the crowning stone of your
policy; a festival which was destined chiefly
for you, and which you unhappily were not
able to attend—W."

able to attend—w."

Not less interesting as a historical curiosity is a small card table in the prince's study. When folded up it presents on the top board a little inlaid brass plate, bearing the inscription: "On this table the preliminary peace between Germany and France was signed the 20th of February, 1871, at was signed the 20th of February, 1871, at Versailles, Rue de Provence, No. 16." When opened there appears the central round of green cloth with the very candle-spots of yore, when Bismarck and Favre put their names under the treaty. It wanted a good deal of diplomacy on the part of the chan-cellor to possess himself of it. His landlady of the Rue de Provence delicately refused. of the Rue de Provence obstinately refuse to part with it for any consideration of money until the prince at last called in a cabinet-maker, ordering him to make another table exactly similar to that one. When the twins were put side by side the landlady of course decided in favor of the better-looking of the two and allowed Bis-

marck to carry off the original one, the largest in the house, but everything it contains bears due proportion to the size of its inmate—the gigantic mahogany writing table, the huge inkstand, the militia of immense goose quills and large pencils. Even the far stretching view from the window is in harmony with the discursive mind of the man who is reclining on one of the couch while giving ample scope to his thoughts.
The guest rooms are situated on the first floor. It need scarcely be added that they are distinguished by comfort, ease, an luxury from the Spartan nakedness of the rest of the house. It bodes peace and friendrest or the noise. It comes peace and tribus-ship to the state whose representative is in-vited to Friedrichsruhe. Here Bismarck puts out the torch of hatred; for the host's duty he considers to be to cultivate under his own roof amity and good under

The Ex-Khedive. [Brooklyn Eagle.]
Ismail, ex-khedive, pervades Paris, has a racht with a floating barem in the Mediterranean, and wallows in wealth and luxury. He is described as an unctious, retund per son, with several chins, educated in the re-finement of occidental dissipation, notwithstanding his faith, a connoisseur of rare wines, and verse; in the ultimate mysteries of dinner. The calamities of his land ver him little, and he is doubtless very glad to have traded off his troublesome viceroyalty for a lot of ready money, with which, in-deed, he is abundantly supplied, so that he may contemplate with equanimity whatever befalls the lan i which his tough old grandfa ther ruled with such a strong and steady hand. He has half a million a year for him

self, with a household fund of nearly a mill-ion, together with a pension of a couple of hundred thousand for his father. He was partly educated in Paris at the Polytechnique, was attached to the Turkish legations in that city and Rome and has nothing left to learn concerning the refined dissipations of either capital. He dresse like D'Orsay and wears as many jewels a the shah; has gorgeous equipages and tonishes the French capital with his disp Although he clings ceremonially to the faith of Islam, he has really as little belief as Bot Ingersoll or a Roman augur, and laughs im-partially at all the roligion; and all the prophets, Mchammed included. He has four wives and more odalisques than have been precisely enumerated; but with all these endowments he will not go into history with much eciat.

> Nomenclature in the Swamps. [Palatka (Fla.) News.]

We know a little black girl whose name sounds like this: Harriet Ann Cassia Ann Betsy Baldwin Hanover Ann Berkley. Another is called Mary Martha Magdalan Paulina Ann Paulida Green. Still anothe is Arkansas Tennessee Louisiana Red Rive Thompson. And some years ago there was an old Indian squaw in Dade county who rejoiced in the name of Lily-walk-in-thewater-same shape - all - the - way - down-foot just-like-a-board. These are all the name that were or have been in actual use, excep that we despair of giving the sound of Seminole gutturals by means of English let ters, and, therefore, translate the squaw's

[United States Miller I

The inventor who will devise a cheap speedy-working power press, which will press straw or hay into small solid blocks to furnish fuel for our vast woodless tracts of wheat country, would surely enrich himself. Such a press, if practical, cheap and durable would confer a great blessing upon the country. Millions of tons of straw and hay are now burned to waste which by such a de might be converted into valuable fuel Our present straw-burning engines, although valuable, do not fully fill the bill.

Why is it that the man who whangs an old copper cent into the contributio ally leans back with a \$30 look of

"Vending the public prints," is the magatine literary style for "selling newspap

[St. James' Gazette.]

Preparations are being made at Wool-rich ar-enal for the proof trials of an enormous gun, which is now in process of construction at Elswick, and which will be will weigh 110 tons, and have a carriage of ninety tons, and, the total weight of 200 tons being considerably in excess of previous undertakings, special arrangement will have to be made in almost every par ticular. The gun will be a breach-loader and have a bore of sixteen and a half inche Its length will be forty-three feet eight but its extreme diameter at the breech end will be only five feet six inches and it will have a very elongated chase or barrel, tapering down to twenty-eight inches, with a slight swelling at the muzzla. After the gun has been proved at Woolwich

it will be conveyed to Shoeburyness for the purpose of testing its range and accuracy, and it is at present a question whether the gun-barge Magog can be altered to receive it, or whether it will be necessary to provide another vessel. Three guns of this discription are to be manufactured for the royal

English Officers in Egypt.

[Chicago News.] Lord "Charley" Beresford was 39 years old last week. He has two gold medals for having on three occasions jumped overboard and say d lives at sea. He is one of the finest boxers that ever put on the gloves. Sir Herbert Stewart was a testotaler. was a man of irrepressible spirits and untiring energy. He won his Victoria cross in

the Crimen. "Sir Redvers Ruller," once said Archi-tald Fortes, "has seen more war than any of our soldiers who are not yet veterans. For saving three lives under fire in Zululan he was rewarded with the Victoria cross. Sir Gerald Graham is an adept at rac of which he is passionately fond. His toria crass was earned by saving lives unde fire on several occasions in the Crimean war, and (or leading a ladder party in the assault

Wes ern Flowman.

She came up the road just as the sun sank over the hills. A poor, old scrub cow. There was not a single line of beauty from her head to her tail. Her joints and bones stuck out in great bunches. She was large where should have been small, and small where she should have been large. There was no gilt-edge pedigree hanging over her. No royal blood running in her veins. Her ancestors for a dozen generations had been scrubs, and she was surely the scrubbiest of the lot. Dogs barked at her, negro boys threw sticks at her, the Jersey heifer on the corner turne up her nose in scorn, and vet the old erub mar hed patiently on through the mud to the home gate. She had been out all day trying to manufacture th family supply of milk from bitter weed. chips and mud. She reached her head over the fence and called patiently for

And the milker appeared on the scene. Was it the soft and gentle milkmaid with immaculate dress and slippers, with a ribbon in her hair and a smile on her lips: Did she pet the old cow and call her "good Bess," and give her something to eat while she milked? Not to any extent. A great brute of a negro e e down to the gate. He kicked the cow as she ran in past him. He milked her with great cruel pulls and jerks. Once when she stopped to startle the flies away from her, he got up and kicked her. When he had milked her.

evidently thinking that some returns was in order, he secured a club and clubbed her out of the yard. What did the old scrub do? Run away and not come back! If there is any human being who would have gone back, he is unworthy of his race. The old cow walked patiently down the street to hunt about for feed, and rearn in the morning to meet exactly the same reception. The world can hardly show truer devotion. We sing the praises of the world's heroes and Their names will live long in heroines. song and story. Good. But when all others have been praised let us not forget to take off our hats to the "scrub

heroine"—the old cow. Where Dickens Found "Mugby Junction.

New York Tribune. Mr. Dolby tells an amusing story of the way in which Dickens' "Mugby Junction" was first suggested to him. On the arrival of the train at Rugby, he says, "it was discovered that the carriage in which we were traveling was on fire. While I was busy superin-tending the transfer of the light bag gage Mr. Dickens came along the plat form in a state of great excitement, and requested me to accompany him to the refreshment room. Then standing in the doorway and pointing with his inger, he described the picture he particularly wished to impress on my mind. You see. Dolby -stove to right hand torn cocoanut matting on floor-counter across room -- coffee-urn -- tea-urn-plates of rusks-piles of sawdust sandwiches and shrunken-up organges-bottles-tumblers-and glasses on counter-and, behind counter, note particu-When the train was arly our missis.' fairly off again, Mr. Dickens proceeded to explain. Entering the refreshment room, he and Mr. Wills had each asked for a cup of coffee, which was supplied

While Wills was feeling in his pocket for some small change wherewith to pay, Mr. Dickens reached across the counter for the sugar and milk, when both articles were suddenly snatched away from him and placed beneath the counter, while his ears were greeted with the remark, made in shrill and shrewish tones, 'You shan't have any milk and sugar 'till you two fellows have paid for your coffee.' This speech was delivered by the woman whom he nad pointed out to me as 'our missis, and it gave infinite amusement to a page in buttons, who, with that demonincal spirit which seems to seize some boys at the idea of somebody else 'eatching it,' was so overjoyed that he burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. The discomfited travelers left their coffee on the counter, after an apology or making so free with the sugar But it was an evil day for that buttons the next Christmas number of 'All the

Year Round. FELINE PSYCHOLOGY.

The Secret of the Cat's Popularity-It's Egotism and Selfishness. [London Standard.]

What, then, is the secret of the cat's

popularity? The brute is not grateful,

nor is it, like the dog, self-sacrificing. No cat would wet its feet to save its master, were this possible, or its master's child which has played with it, a service which is oftener within its power dog will risk blows and its life to defend those whom it loves. record ever turned its tail to protect any one from ill usage, or, unlike the dog, which has been known to die of hunger rather than leave its master's grave, displays anything akin to sorrow for those who fed it and cared for it while they were alive. All of our do-mestic animals, as M. Flourens long ago pointed out, are sociable. The ox, the pig, the dog and the rabbit exist naturally in association and in numbers. But the cat is solitary. It lives with us, but it does not associate with us. It receives our bounty, but it does not give in exchange submission, docility, and the service of those species which are truly domestic. In brief, the eat proves - we speak of the rule, not of the exceptions-that unless an animal is primarily sociable, time, care and custom avail nothing. The very tamest custom avail nothing. The very tamest of cats has never yet been reduced to subjection. Some show a certain amatory attachment; but if interfered with, the tiger, to which they are so closely akin, instantly appears. The cat may caress, but it must be in the humor and in the best of circumstances; the love of the most attached of the species is hard to win and easy to forfeit, in this respect it and the dog differing widely.

The cat, moreover, is an egotist.

rubs itself up against its mistress, but in reality, so the psychologist who has

studied its n ental organi, ation declare it is not caressing her, but itself; and when it purrs in seeming satisfaction with the world, it is simply expressing its own self-sufficiency. The cat has, nevertheless its friends, who will hear no wrong of it. It is "natural," M. Champteury tells us, and therefore it is calumniated. Playing its little part in the world unaffected, when it is hungry it says so. If it wants to sleep, it lies do and stretches itself. When it wants to go out it asks to be let out. It may be, as Buffon described it, an "unfaithful servant," but it is, on that very account,

a type of the higher race to whom it attaches itself. The cat, the moralist cries, is the peronification of selfishness. Why should it be otherwise? Man has desired the society of the cat. The cat has not sought the so lety of man. If left to itself in the country, it can find its own food and shelter, and in a week will have resumed the natural independence which is the characteristics has procured it so many invidious crit-

The kitten is playful; but the cat, even the eloquence of M. Champfleury has not yet demonstrated to be the amiable quadruped which the dog usually is. It is a tiger on a small scale, and as long as it has associated with man, it seems to have imbibed few "moral qualities," and still less has it been able to transmit them to its posterity. The truth is that men-and women still more—must have some pet. The dog has been chosen, and has proved one of the best and most useful. But the cat is more manageable on account of its smaller size, and its mousing propensities have led to its other vices being forgotten.

The Tropic Sunset.

[Porto Rico Cor. Inter Ocean.] There is a splendor in the tropic sunset so unlike the northern gloamings that we are familiar with that at each day's close we have a new surprise. The sun blazes away at his level best until his rim touches the horizon, and then he bobs down out of sight in the most undignified and startling manner. There is no gradual sinking, as if to the sound of slow music, like the northern sun oes down, but the change from noon to light is sudden and so unexpected that you feel there must be some mistake about it, and make a mental promise that you will study the phenomenon

more closely next time. Sunrise is the same, as sudden and as startling. There is no aurora light-ing up the northern sky, no tinted clouds to drape the morning sun; no blush, no rosy rays, stealing up from the east to herald in the day, but the sun jumps out of the darkness above the waters, when suddenly it is broad day. It seems as it does in the theatre when strong light is without warning turned upon the scene. One moment it is dark, with the stars much brighter than they ever are at home: the next there is a flash, the sun is blazing fiercely at you, every star is gone, and the tropic day has begun. There are only two periods in the twenty-four ours-it is always midnight or high MOOD.

Those Who Are Deaf.

[Cor. Inter Ocean.] It has been announced that the national bureau of education at Washington some time last year sent out circulars containing the information that 95 per cent, of the population of this ountry suffer with a slight medium or chronic case of defective hearing. Just think of it. Out of every 100 persons

only five have perfect hearing! There are many people who are entirely deaf in one ear, while the other ear is all right, just the same as there are many persons blind in one eye. Then there are many whose hearing is affected in both ears, and these are denominated people "hard of hearing, and their name is legion. There are still many more who can hear certain words readily and not hear others.

Ceorge Sand's Kindness Tourgeneff wrote of George Sand: "I find they do not do justice to her ex-treme kindness. However rare her genius, her kindness was still more so. When they were putting her collin into the grave, an old peasant threw some flowers and said, 'From the Nohant peasants, not from the poor; because, thanks to her generosity, we had no poor among us.' And with all this it should not be forgotten that George Sand was far from rich."

German research has shown that the nellowness of old wine is due to an increase in its proportion of glycerine. Cuban planters can not get their money back by selling their molas es, and so are

utilizing it on their estates as manura. An Inchriste's Dilemma

English Paper. Scene-Waverly Station, Edinburgh, 4 p. m.-Inebriated East Cuntryman (who is holding on by the railings at foot of bridge)
—Sic—sic a perdecement! Railway Porter -Hallo, what's the matter, ma man? L.E. C.—Oh, oh! Sic—sic—sic a perdecament!
If I quat ma hand I'm sure to fa', an' if I
haud on I'll losh ma .rain!

Reading and Writing Updde Down.

Marysville Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.] One of the most singular cases of rision on record is found in the fourth grade of our schools, in the person of Belle Kinney, a little girl 12 years of age. Shortly after entering school, her teacher, Miss Ella Ely, discovered that teacher, Miss Ella Fly, discovered that she always read with her book upside lown, and that while writing she invariably placed the copy in the same po-sition and wrote backward, with the

letters inverted and with her left hand. Not knowing whether to attempt a for Dr. I. N. Hamilton, one of our prominent physicians, and president of the board of education, who tested her thoroughly with figures, pictures, read-ing and writing, and discovered that she was equally skillful with her books in any position, although the child her-self had never particularly noticed her peculiarity, but expressed a desire to use her books as others do. The doctor says it is the most remarkable case of the kind of which he ever heard.

Hoping Against Hope.

[Joe Howard's New York Letter. There are 10,000 men in this city, at least, living at the rate of \$20,000 to \$50,000 a year, who are straining every norve in their mentality and every muscle in their physique, borrowing here, raising money there, discounting somewhere else, hoping agrast hope that something will Micawberize them, who would be happier, easier, infinitely more comfortable, if they could walk out upon the front doorstep of frankness, and admit to the world that they had reached the end of their tether. that their liabilities were so much and that their assets were so much, and ask the privilege of closing up the game and starting in anew. Why don't they

[Norristown Herald.] A "condensed" edition of Webster's dictionary is announced. This may improve the work without destroying the plot. We have always regarded the solume as too prolix.